

GUNS ROAR AND THAT'S ALL

NORTH SHORE RESIDENTS HAD NO CAUSE FOR FEAR.

Tests at Fort Totten Drop 1,040 Pound Projectiles Within 40 Feet of Where They Are Meant to Land—Chimney and Windows Cracked on Reservation

The song of the whistling mortar, which is inspiring music to the ears of Uncle Sam's artillerymen, was heard yesterday at Fort Totten when the Government's eight twelve inch pieces of coast defense were tested. To those who live within five miles of the reservation there was no music in the firing of the big mortars. The timid got only the top note, which was a vicious bang, and as they had become apprehensive lest the shooting should crack family china and brick-oven and smash windows they were glad as the afternoon waned and the last mortar was discharged with little or no damage having been done. Early in the day their fears had been dissipated, but you never can tell what may happen when one of these instruments of war is in action.

For days representatives of the Government had been telling the folks of Bay Side, Whitestone and Great Neck, which are across Little Neck Bay from Willet's Point, where Fort Totten is situated, that there would be a war rehearsal if the weather conditions were favorable yesterday morning and that those who didn't have things nailed fast in their homes had better take them down, and it also would be advisable to open windows to lessen the shock. Protests had no effect on the War Department at Washington, which answered back that the mortar tests had been made and there was not much cause for worry anyway. As things turned out the War Department experts knew what they were talking about.

Preparations for the tests had been going on for some time, and early yesterday morning there was much activity and bustle around the fort. The thermometer was about 30 degrees. Housewives of the neighboring villages packed away brick-oven in cotton and kept lands ready to be clasped to sensitive ears when the first bang came. If you live in the suburbs you know that at the time of the war the house becomes chilly suddenly if the windows are left open, no matter how well the furnace may perform. So coat sweaters and polo coats were worn indoors.

The first mortar was to have been fired at 9:30. The stretch of water touching the fort had been rapped by the army men into so many zones. Col. O. B. Mearns, of Governors Island, was the ordnance officer in charge of the tests, and the men of the Eighty-seventh and the 16th companies of coast artillery, who did the firing of the mortars, were at their posts. In the battle tower was Col. Adolph Cronk, directing the proceedings. The delicate machinery, with telephone and electric signals, by which the artillerymen in the fire control box of the batteries were to be kept in touch with what was going on, had been tried out and everything was satisfactory.

Well, let her go! A second before it seemed that the stretch of water to the east of the fort and into which the projectiles were to be hurled had been electrically charged. Now a peck of water was hurled into the firing zone. A flash was sent from the observation tower to the fire control tower, countermanding the message that everything was clear. As the smoke billowed from the tug's stack disappeared a freighter swished into the zone. Next followed a mud scow, then a barge with the morning's wash flapping merrily in the breeze. Wonderful and of great variety are the craft that plough through the Sound. If you were waiting for a big mortar to go off you would realize it. Not until 10:10 was the first mortar fired, and for more than an hour the timid had been waiting for the initial bang.

Unless you were close up to the thing the concussion was not terrible. Visitors had been supplied with cotton to stuff in their ears and had been warned to stand on their toes and open their mouths—all of which was done—but the sensation wasn't disagreeable. The wives and women folk of the army strolled around the beautiful reservation as if nothing unusual was going on. They had expected that the noise would be some annoyance, and an extra supply of window glass had been ordered in advance, but if you are of the army if not in it you must put up with these petty discomforts. The most disturbed of all was Ben, Col. Cronk's sixteen-year-old blind and deaf dog, who snuggled in the collar of the Colonel's house, unable to hear or see, but physically and mentally uncomfortable.

When the first projectile had shot from the mouth of the mortar with a tongue of flame the tension was over for the onlookers. Not so with the army officers. Instructions on Monday that if the first shot fired did any damage to the home of Gilbert M. Plympton, across the bay at Great Neck, the test was to cease. According to instructions, Lieut. Dodi of the Signal Corps was stationed on Mr. Plympton's front lawn. Another signal man, standing at the rear of the house, was to be ready to ring a bell. When the first shot landed, sending up a volume of water that seemed to rise fifty feet, the artillerymen waited to see what would happen over Mr. Plympton's way.

Soon there was much vigorous wagging. The man on the knoll wagged a few signals back. An answer from the Plympton house, and then a switch to the observation tower from the signal man on the knoll. "No damage," he said on with the tests. The orders said that if there was no damage to the house the shot the firing should be continued. Nothing was said about the second shot or the sixteenth, for each mortar was to be fired twice, and army officers obey orders implicitly.

It took until about 2 o'clock to fire each of the mortars once. As soon as a mortar was fired the non-commissioned staff went over it thoroughly to determine the effect of the explosion, clean the mortar and decide whether there were any imperfections. This took time, and as likely as not when the next shot was fired the next shot was to be fired a troublesome sound effect in the way. For instance, a fisherman in a launch dropped anchor in what seemed to be the danger zone, and the artillery officers, who had things gauged to a nicety, dropped a shot about a hundred yards from him. He went fishing somewhere else right away.

Each projectile weighed ten pounds. The firing was done in the sixth zone. With such accuracy were the shots placed that they landed within 300 and 350 yards. The time taken by the projectile from its discharge from the mortar until it struck the water was between fifty seconds and a minute. All of these things were figured to a dot by the artillery experts. The visitor knew that he had seen an army routine of some kind, and that he thought was the projectile, and then a greaser appeared in the place.

The experts explained why the concussion was not so great as it seemed. The conditions were ideal, they said, for the tests. Had it been a foggy, still day the concussion would have been severe. But it was windy and clear and the vacuum made by the projectile was soon filled. Therefore less concussion.

The artillerymen, whose pets the big

mortars are, spoke fondly of the "mortar singing" as the projectile left its mouth. There was a peculiar whistle, not unpleasant. This was especially true when a ring of smoke did not appear. But when the smoke curled the sound was more like that of a full grown cannon. Soprano and alto, the artillerymen said, describing the two sounds.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock the mortars were fired eight times. At that time there had been no reports from the neighborhood of damage having been done. It was somewhat different around the reservation, but the officers had expected that. The first shot cracked the chimney and smashed a lot of windows in the house occupied by Gen. Bliss. It soon became too cool for the General and he moved over to the officers' club. Bang went the third shot, and with it went several windows in the club. The General decided that he was a hooloo, and after that he wandered around the grounds. Some damage was done in the chapel.

The photographers had the most exciting time. They swarmed on the embankment and in the mortar pits, stuffing cotton in their ears and waited, clutching their cameras. The first shot sent them tumbling, breaking plates and in some instances shattering their cameras. The result was that most of the cameras were put out of business at once and only a few pictures were obtained.

FACTORY DOORS NOT LOCKED.

Say Witnesses for the Defence at the Triangle Fire Trial.

Several witnesses for the defence in the case of Max Blanck and Isaac Harris, proprietors of the Triangle Waist Company, who are on trial for manslaughter before Judge Crain in General Sessions because of the fire in their factory on March 25, when 147 lives were lost, denied yesterday the statements made by witnesses for the prosecution that the doors on the Washington place side were kept locked. One of those who testified for Harris and Blanck was Mrs. May Levantini, who had worked for them for two years and a half before the fire and who has brought a suit for \$10,000 against them for injuries received in it.

She was an operator on the ninth floor. Margaret Schwartz, whose body was found near the Washington place door on that floor and for whose death Harris and Blanck are alleged to be responsible, also worked on that floor. Mrs. Levantini's table was on the Washington place side of the building and she faced Green street. She was in the dressing room when she heard girls screaming. A girl who was with her said that the elevator must have fallen with girls in it.

"I ran out," said Mrs. Levantini, "and went to the Washington place door. The key was fastened to the knob by a string. I turned the key and opened the door. I looked over the railing and saw the girls crowding out of the eighth floor. The stairway below me was ablaze. I could see the flames coming toward me. I went back into the left and shut the door behind me. Then I ran to the elevator on the Washington place side. After a long time it came up, but there was such a crowd I couldn't get on it.

"After it had come down again I took hold of the cable and slid down. I was all right when I got to the bottom. I have sued Harris and Blanck for \$10,000 for the injuries I received then. No, I have not taken them to court yet. I have not had counsel since the fire. The only people I have seen are the bookkeeper, the cashier and the superintendent, Mr. Bernstein."

On cross-examination by Assistant District Attorney Bostwick she said that when she made a statement to him in April she thought that the Washington place door was locked and that she was the only person who had a key to it. She said that she had seen the door open in the summer, she said. Mr. Bostwick showed her a piece of wood and asked her if it was the piece of wood that had been on the Washington place door, where she saw the fire. She said it might have been. Then he told her that it was a piece of the railing of those stairs. It was not, she said.

Other witnesses who said that the door on the Washington place side was not always locked were Isaac Stern, engineer of the building where the Triangle company was, Max Hirsch, manager of an embroidery company which sold and still sells goods to Harris and Blanck, Thomas Hilda, a negro porter, and Reginald J. Wittenman, another operator, who was on the stand when court adjourned.

SEA STORM DAUNTS ACTRESS.

Too Much Realism for Molly McIntyre—Liner Short of Food and Water.

A sea creature created by a blast of hurricane force boarded the Atlantic Transport liner Minnewaska when she was in mid-ocean on Thursday and a catarract poured into the stateroom of Molly McIntyre, a Scotch actress, who is to play the leading part in "Bunny Pulls the Strings," that will open in Chicago. She was much frightened by the smashing of her stateroom window and the assault of the sea. She ran out into the passageway screaming. She had never been in a storm at sea except on the stage and she did not like the realism.

Off the Banks land birds swept out to sea by the offshore gales were noted flying feebly above the liner. One that was exhausted fell on the deck and was picked up by the actress, who kept it until the Minnewaska was off the Statue of Liberty yesterday, when she set the bird free.

Miss Gwendolyn Purdon Clarke, daughter of the late Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, was a passenger by the Minnewaska. Stuart Dodi, her husband, met her. Their wedding was postponed because of the death of her father. It will be celebrated in six weeks at the home of Mrs. Lincoln R. Peabody, 333 West End avenue, where Miss Clarke will stay in the interim.

The French liner Caroline, with seventy-two cabin and 151 steerage passengers, which has made the trip from Havre in ten days, was yesterday making port on the trip she is scheduled here yesterday. She was pummed by mighty seas and was forced to halt for not only coal but for provisions and water.

FALLS DEAD IN SUBWAY.

Heart Trouble Kills Ferry Manager on Twenty-third Street Station.

Fred M. Gross, 31 years old, manager of the Brooklyn Ferry Company, who was killed while on his way home last night on the uptown platform of the Twenty-third street subway station. His body was taken to the East Twenty-second street police station, where his name was on a list. He was later identified by his brother Arthur. He was married and lived at 655 West 17th street. He had had heart trouble.

46 Hospitals Hang Up Their Stockings

We are the Santa Claus that must see them. Please send at once your share, large or small, to help insure New York's Gift of \$200,000 for free treatment to the sick poor.

CHARLES LAMER, Treas., 59 Cedar St. ROBERT OLYPHANT, President, HOSPITAL SAT. & SUN. ASSOCIATION. MRS. JAMES SPETER, 257 Madison Ave., Treasurer, Woman's Auxiliary.

The artillerymen, whose pets the big

The Modern Santa Claus

From Pony Rider and Stage Coach to One Hundred Thousand Miles of Railroad and Steamer Lines

Much of the joy and pleasure of Christmas depends upon the efficient and conscientious express employee—what he does and how he does it. For that reason this circular is sent to remind you of a few simple rules, the observance of which should ensure gifts entrusted to Wells Fargo & Company reaching their destination in good order and due season and that no one, through any fault of yours, shall be deprived of the Christmas cheer attending the receipt of remembrances from friends.

Bear in mind that Christmas shippers are not as familiar with many details that assist the experienced shipper in having his shipments reach their destination in the best of condition, but that many of the packages offered during the holiday season are not properly wrapped, tied or packed to stand transportation. Employees when receipting for packages should explain to the shipper, courteously, what is necessary and whenever possible help him to put the shipment in proper condition. Have plenty of wrapping paper, address labels, tags and twine on hand, for emergencies of this kind, ordering a sufficient supply in good time from the Supply Department. Whenever a package, after being received, is found to be improperly wrapped or marked, it should be at once re-wrapped or re-marked, care being taken to preserve intact the original marks.

Ask shippers to declare the value of every package and, if declared, enter it on the receipt; if not declared, stamp the receipt "Value asked and not given."

Inquire if packages contain glass or other fragile articles and affix glass labels to packages containing such articles. See that all packages of jewelry or valuables are properly sealed, and forwarded on money waybills.

Be sure that the full address of consignee—including street and number—is plainly marked on each package and that the name and address of the shipper is entered on the waybill. Obliterate all old marks. Tags should never be used when the package itself can be marked with the address.

Place prepaid labels on all prepaid shipments. The collection of charges twice on the same shipment discredits the Company and its employees, is annoying to our patrons at any time, and is especially vexatious when gifts are concerned.

Give special consideration to seeing that correct charges are assessed. Over or under-charges constitute errors and are an annoyance to its patrons.

Handle packages as carefully as if the contents were known to be fragile, as they may be breakable. You would not appreciate a broken Christmas present! Never lift a package by the string.

All packages less than four inches square, except those containing printed matter, should be entered on money waybills and loaded in packing trunks or safes.

Should you receive, without waybill, goods which are destined to another office, re-forward them at once on a substitute waybill to destination.

Report promptly all goods over without mark, or in bad order. When goods are in bad order or there is evidence of shortage in contents of a package, make a complete inventory, and do what you can to protect them from injury.

If the consignee cannot be found at the address given, and all reasonable efforts to locate him are unsuccessful, notify the Agent at shipping point immediately.

Treat every parcel as though it were intended for you or yours.

No matter how pressing may be your work during the "Christmas Rush", or what trying circumstances may arise, always extend to our patrons, even though in some instances you may feel they are somewhat exacting, unfailing courtesy and good will. They will reciprocate this in their estimation of you and their increased patronage to the Company.—From Circular of Instruction to Employees concerning Holiday Packages.

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SAY GARVEY WAS TAXI SLAYER

ATTEMPT TO CONFUSE WITNESSES IS CHARGED.

Attention of Court Called to Fact That Prisoner's Brother Who Is His Double Has Place Beside Him at Trial—Witnesses Tell About the Shooting.

Martin Garvey's older brother, James, sat beside him yesterday in the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court, where Martin is on trial before Justice Marcus, charged with murder in the first degree for killing Adolph Stern, a jeweler's clerk, on July 22, and Assistant District Attorney Nott told the court that it seemed to be an effort on the part of the defense to confuse the prosecution's witnesses. James Garvey at first glance looks very much like Martin. He is dark and has equally prominent eyes, nose and chin.

Harry Peterson, who was on his way to his home in West Twelfth street when he saw the shooting, was asked by Mr. Nott if he could see in the court room the man who shot Stern.

"There he is," answered Peterson, pointing toward the counsel table, at which were seated Martin Garvey, his brother James, four lawyers for the defense and Martin Garvey's guard.

"Which one do you mean?" asked Francis L. Wellman, of counsel for the defense. "The one sitting next to the guard?"

James Garvey was sitting between Spellman, the guard, and his brother, Martin, the defendant.

"Step down and put your hand on him," directed Mr. Nott.

Peterson left the witness chair and without any hesitation placed his hand on Martin Garvey's arm.

"This was the man," he said.

"May it appear in the record," asked Mr. Nott, "who the man is who is sitting next to the defendant? Counsel for the defense has evidently brought a man to court who they believe looks like the defendant, perhaps for the purpose of mystifying the witnesses."

"It is his brother," put in W. S. Kennedy, of counsel for defense.

The two brothers not only resembled each other in features and build but they were dressed in similar fashion. Both wore blue suits and both wore neckties of the same tint of lavender. James Garvey had come to court with his mother and sister, but during the morning session he had left them sitting in the rear of the room, while he went inside the rail and sat with his brother.

When court adjourned Mrs. Garvey made her way through the crowd and slipped into the enclosure where Martin Garvey was seated.

She touched him on the shoulder and when he looked around kissed him. Only a few words were exchanged and Mrs. Garvey did not raise her veil even when she kissed her son.

Mr. Nott called six witnesses yesterday, five of them men who either had seen the actual shooting or who had seen Garvey hanging around the corner of Sixth avenue and Thirtieth street just before Stern was shot.

Frederick Bruley, a private detective, said that he was on the corner waiting for his employer, Mr. Jackson, of the Jackson detective agency, and that he saw Garvey there. He asked Garvey, he said, if he had seen Mr. Jackson, and Garvey answered that he did not know Jackson. Bruley also saw a taxicab, dark red or maroon in color, which came down Sixth avenue and turned into Thirtieth street. It kept in motion all

the time, now going forward and now backing, and he got a good look at the other taxicab, the taxicab which Bruley went up to Sixth street on an errand. As he came back down Seventh avenue he saw the same taxicab, going at a furious pace, turn into Seventh street from Thirtieth street. There was a man kneeling on the back seat with his head out of the window pointing a revolver toward the rear, but he could not see his face.

He picked out Garvey as the man to whom he had spoken on the street. He said that he had not seen him from July 22, the night of the shooting, until he met him accidentally in the Jefferson Market police court after his arrest. Under Mr. Wellman's cross-examination he stuck to his story, saying that he had good memory for faces and was sure that Garvey was the man he met July 22.

Michael McKeown, doorman at a Sixth avenue store, picked out Martin Garvey as the man who had shot Stern. He said that the distance between him and Garvey when the shot was fired was about the length of the court room. On cross-examination he told Mr. Wellman that he judged that to be about 12 or 15 yards.

Justice Marcus took a short recess while Assistant District Attorney DeVoe and Mr. Keenan, of counsel for the defense, measured the distance with a three foot rule. They found it was 55 feet.

Harry Peterson on cross-examination told the court that the nearest he got to the man who shot Stern was the far side of the car track on Sixth avenue. Stern fell just at the entrance to the taxicab stand, and he was not more than ten feet away.

Harry Keene, a window dresser in a Sixth avenue shop, said that he saw Martin Garvey standing on the corner before the shooting. John O'Flaherty, an elderly man, who said that his sight in one eye was not good, was asked by the defense if the man who shot Stern had a mustache as he remembered him. Garvey has no mustache. Lieut. McKinney of the Detective Bureau told of arresting Garvey and how the witnesses identified him. The prosecution expects to rest its case to-day.

BUSTANOBY BROS. ASSIGN.

Had the Cafe des Beaux Arts and a Long Island Chateau.

Bustanoby Bros., proprietors of the Cafe des Beaux Arts at Fortieth street and Sixth avenue and of Beaux Arts Park and the Chateau des Beaux Arts on Huntington Bay, Long Island, assigned all their property yesterday to David B. Simpson and Frederick P. Sanborn, lawyers, for the benefit of creditors. The Bustanobys call it a "friendly assignment" and say it gives them a chance to devote their whole time to their business and ultimately to pay all creditors in full. Their unsecured debts were estimated yesterday at about \$150,000. The cafe will go right on doing business under the same management.

According to Andre and Jacques Bustanoby, who have constituted the corporation since their brother Louis got out after a quarrel last year, the assignment was precipitated by the act of Louis Bustanoby in unexpectedly recording in the County Clerk's office and then foreclosing a mortgage on the cafe. Since the mortgage was filed two weeks ago creditors have been calling every day at the cafe.

When Louis Bustanoby quit the firm, it was explained yesterday, his brothers agreed to buy his interest for \$100,000. His stock was to be held in trust until notes dividing the \$100,000 into four equal payments were taken up by the corporation. The entire indebtedness of the three brothers.

"The retirement of one-third of the stock did not tend to reassure the creditors," said a spokesman for the Bustanobys yesterday, "but the time for

payment of debts was cheerfully extended and after the retirement of Louis the other brothers expanded the business and began to catch up on their indebtedness.

"The first annual payment to Louis Bustanoby was made at the proper time. The second payment fell due in October last, but could not be met, as other creditors were waiting and the firm could not make preferential payments, so Louis took a chattel mortgage to secure himself and agreed to an extension of time. Upon the maturity of the mortgage negotiations were begun for an adjustment, but Louis directed his attorney to file the mortgage. The commercial rating agencies notified their patrons, our creditors refused to give further credit, and the assignment resulted. Louis has now taken his stock back."

It was said further that the receipts of the Cafe des Beaux Arts have been in percent higher in the last two months than in the corresponding period of last year. The site and building of the Cafe des Beaux Arts are owned by A. A. Anderson. Bustanoby Bros. own the Chateau des Beaux Arts on Long Island and the sixty-five acre tract near the chateau that they have been selling for building lots. The Long Island property bears first and second mortgages, amounting to about \$200,000. The holder of the first mortgage is Mrs. Anderson. The Bustanobys say they will continue to develop the building tract as well as to keep on in the restaurant business here and on Long Island.

In December of last year Andre, Jacques and Pierre Bustanoby incorporated the Palace of Fine Arts, with capital of \$1,000,000, which was to occupy a building to replace the Studebaker Building at Seventh avenue and Forty-eighth street.

SEPARATION FOR MRS. PACH.

Court Orders Photographer to Pay His Wife \$1,300 a Year.

Vice-Chancellor Stevenson, sitting in Chancery Chambers, Jersey City, yesterday decided to recommend a decree of separate maintenance in favor of Mrs. Joanna S. Pach of Irvington, N. J., against Alexander L. Pach, who is associated with Pach Bros., photographers in this city. The Vice-Chancellor directed Pach to pay his wife \$1,300 a year.

Mrs. Pach testified that she was married to Pach at Newark on September 19, 1888, and separated from him in November, 1900, when she was living at Westfield, N. J. She said he used offensive language to her and had threatened to kill her.

Vincent and Stewart Pach testified that their father had used their mother shamefully. Vincent said he had induced his mother to leave home.

Letters written by Pach to his children in which he referred to his wife as "a traitor" and described her as "foolish" and "heartless" were introduced in evidence.

Gov. Dix to Attend Auto Club Dinner.

ALBANY, Dec. 19. Gov. and Mrs. Dix will go to New York in the morning. The Governor will attend the dinner of the Automobile Club of America to-morrow night, and during this day he will witness the laying of the cornerstone of the settlement house for the blind in East Fifty-ninth street.

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INCLUDE APRONS OF LAWN AND DOTTED SWISS, TRIMMED OR PLAIN, IN PRINCESS DESIGN OR WITH OR WITHOUT BIBS; MAIDS' CAPS OF ALL KINDS.

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FANCY APRONS IN NUMEROUS ATTRACTIVE STYLES. IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC BOUDOIR CAPS, HAND-EMBROIDERED AND LACE TRIMMED, ALL AT MODERATE PRICES.

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WILL BE ON SALE THIS DAY (WEDNESDAY),

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